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No. 406



The ears of the pursuers paused for a single instant, as that shrill, startling cry broke upon the unruffled silence of the night.

## The Boss Boy OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE STRONGBOW.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

Author of "The Gamin Detective," "Nobody's Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER V. UNDER COVER.

It was a perilous position in which Phil Hardy found himself. What could a little midge like him do in the sturdy hands of Tim Fagan? And if this was a case of murder, as the boy imagined, they might murder him rather than let him escape with his information.

Yet Phil's mother wit did not for an instant desert him. He glanced quickly about him for a closet. There was none in sight. The bed was too low to crawl under. He remembered that when on the wharf he had seen the light coming directly from one room to another. There must then be a communicating door.

He looked round. There lay the door immediately behind him. He tried the latch. It turned, but the door refused to open. It was locked.

Phil was in a desperate quandary. The rat had been caught in a trap of his own making—but all his movements, so far, had taken place in a moment of time. The slow-moving part outside was yet some distance from the door. There was still a chance to make a dash for it.

He gave a quick step toward the door and then halted with the thought that he could not possibly escape, in a strange, dark house, from a man thoroughly acquainted with every part of it.

As he paused in his flight his eyes fell on the bed, and a new idea shot through his mind. He shuddered at the thought, but it was the only hope left, and there was no time to waste in sentiment or superstition.

With a quick spring Phil was in the bed, between the dread parcel and the wall, and had wormed down deep under the covers, keeping close beside the corded bundle so that no lifting of the bedclothes should be apparent.

The boy had often assured himself that there was no superstitious foolishness about him, that he was too matter-of-fact for that, and it was with a sense of shame that he strove to repress the involuntary shrinking which affected him, as he felt the outlines of the body above him.

"Didnt think Phil Hardy was such a baby as to be afraid of a dead body," he thought. "Live things is all that's worth being afraid of. Dunno what harm a dead corp kin do anybody. As fur sports, there's only one kind that I know on; and I dont swaller that kind nor no other kind."

With a grim smile at his own conceit, Phil nestled closer under the edge of the corpse, and stretched himself out at full length.

He was none too soon. The step of the newcomer now sounded on the floor of the room, and Phil's alert senses traced his progress up to the side of the bed.

The boy lay utterly motionless, breathing as well as he could under the circumstances, and listening with the utmost intentness.

He felt a movement as the new-comer seemed to have touched the bed, or probably made some examination of its dubious contents.

Then there came a voice, faint, far-off, hardly reaching Phil's quick ears under his shroud of bed covers.

"It all looks right," the voice said. "I dont know what it was wakened me, but only playin' possum," said Phil to himself. "All I've got to say then is that she's an old hand at the job."

"She's as dead as a door-nail," was Phil's unspoken reply. "And door-nails dont move without hands, so dont worry yourself, Tim Fagan."

Phil with Hendricks hadn't brought it here, he was the next faint remark. "I am afraid he will bring me into trouble. I dont like this half and half business. I like folks to be either dead or alive, and done with it."

He seemed to have turned away with this last remark. Phil listened with great relief.

"The woman isn't dead them, but only playin' possum," said Phil to himself. "All I've got to say then is that she's an old hand at the job."

And now, Tim Fagan. I don't keer a brass cent how soon you git back to bed agin."

He ventured to slightly lift the bed clothes, so as to get a breath of air. Fagan's steps were receding. He stopped near the door of the room.

"I could have sworn I saw the bed move," he muttered uneasily. "I don't like that thing in the house.—I thought there wasn't any foolishness about it, but I don't like it. Why didn't Hendricks sink it to the bottom of the river and be done with it?"

"A mighty handy way of bein' done with things," was Phil's noiseless rejoinder. "I think he had a notion to try it on, if he hadn't been afraid.—That's right, Fagan. It's bout time you were gettin' out. And I hope you'll have quiet times and sweet dreams for the rest of this blessed night."

Phil got his head once more into the air as he listened to the receding steps without. They were followed by a rumbling about the next room, and then by silence.

The boy was too acute, though, to be in any hurry to move. He let a full half-hour pass before moving stirrings. It was still dark. The moon had not again broken forth. He heard a sharp patterning sound in the street.

"It's rainin' sure as fish-bones," he said to himself. "I hope it'll come down like pavin' stones. Like to have a little thunder and lightnin' too. Anything to help a feller out of this scrape."

He was now gliding noiselessly from his cover. In a minute he stood once more beside the bed.

"Wonder if she is dead, or just shammin'," he said, gazing at the scarcely visible outline before him. "They say dead corpses are cold as ice. I'll try this one."

He inserted his hand through the opening in the cover, and laid a finger on the smooth cheek of the woman.

"Feels just like velvet," he muttered. "And it ain't so cold neither. Jist cool, that's all. Sure as snakes the lady ain't no deadier than I am. If I dont make Rome howl it's a caution.—And now, I've got to worm myself out of this here habitation."

A fly would have made more noise than did Phil in his outward progress. It was deep darkness again as soon as he had passed beyond the influence of the open window.

But he knew just where to find the stairs, and made his way down them with but a faint crack or two, which were drowned in the dash of rain outside.

"Best make fur the back door of the house," reflected Phil. "There'll be only a bolt or so to open the door. And I want to git my shoes, anyhow. Wouldn't do to leave them. Dunno but my shoemaker's got his autygraph on them. Aint a-goin' to let myself be smelt out that way by Tim Fagan's long nose."

Groping along in almost a creeping attitude, Phil made his way back through the house without tumbling over any chairs or kicking any tin cans. He felt his way back into the shed kitchen, and succeeded in reaching the door with which he was in search.

"Only one bolt, and that's a comfort," he said, as he cautiously pulled back the slender iron bar between him and liberty. "And now,

I'll wipe Tim Fagan's dust off my feet. It's mean dust, anyhow."

The rain was descending in a brisk shower. But, heedless of that, Phil groped round till he had found his shoes.

"If they aint full of water, I'll sell out!" he ejaculated. "Think I best go barefoot and carry them Wellingtons.—There's one blessing in the rain, anyhow. It'll wash the lampblack off of my face and toggery."

It would have done a good enough to reveal him if there had been daylight enough to reveal the inky rivulets that coursed down his features and his habiliments, and blackened the ground beneath him.

"I'll be clean as a new penny by the time I git home, that's one comfort," he thought, as he made his way down the alley, and into the deserted street.

Phil trudged homeward through the drenching rain, constantly congratulating himself on his good fortune in getting such an easy and clean washing.

"There might be something in luck, after all," he soliloquized, as an extra heavy dash of water deluged him.

"Where are you going, boy?" cried a policeman, who was poring over a newspaper under an awning.

"Home," said Phil's short reply.

"What are you carrying there?"

"Shoes," said Phil.

"Stole them, hey?"

"I'd giv a quarter to the chap that would steal them from me," replied Phil.

"Then why dont you wear them out, and get rid of them that way?"

"My skin turns the water better. Good-night, Johnny!" and Phil was off at a run, for his questioner might amuse himself by arresting him.

He got safely home without further stoppage by the guardians of the night.

When his grandmother entered Phil's room, she was aghast to see a cry of terror, and then quickly into the passage, wringing her hands in dismay.

She had been unaware of the boy's return, and the sight she beheld was enough to frighten the anxious old lady.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Hardy?" inquired the occupant of another room, who had been startled by her cry.

"My poor boy!" she moaned in answer.

"Something dreadful has happened to him, I know. Oh, Mr. Jones, just go into his room and look at him. I am afraid to see him again."

Mr. Jones himself was scared at the first sight of Phil. He had taken off his coat and wrung out his clothes, and had them strung round the room in various positions of dryness.

As for the boy, he lay in bed, covered to the neck, and only his face visible. But such a streaked, drizzled, and generally disreputable face was seldom seen on a human being. It looked like the map of Turkey, done in charcoal, on a flesh-colored background.

"It is some dreadful fever, I know," moaned the old lady from the doorway. "Or maybe the plague. That, they say, turns people black."

Mr. Jones's reply was to burst into a peal of laughter, as he passed his hand lightly over Phil's face.

"It is lampblack that is my notion, Mrs. Hardy," was his response. "A little clean water will be the best cure for his sickness. Been playing negro minstrel, I fancy."

Mrs. Hardy darted forward and passed her hands over the boy's face.

"As sure as you live it is the case," she cried. "The young rogue has been turning himself into a blackamoor."

This fingerling of his face woke Phil from his deep slumber. He opened his eyes and gazed dubiously up into the two faces bending over him.

"What's busted?" he asked. "Is the house afire?"

"Where have you been, you reprobate?" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy, with as much temper as she was capable of showing to Phil. "And how did you get your face into such a horrible plight?"

Up came Phil's hand, and rubbed over his face justly. He then held it up before his eyes, a blank look of dismay spreading over his features, which was succeeded by a merry laugh.

"Well, I'll be swigged," he said. "I didn't think half the suds I was washed in off of me. And how am I streaked like a hyena?—Spose it's the bairness washin' out of me. It rained hard enough to git down below the skin."

"To just look at the boy," groaned Mrs. Hardy. "And his clothes soaking wet."

"Got caught in a drizzle last night," returned Phil, with a grimace of his streaked face that set them both laughing. "Now you see, granny, you and Mr. Jones. I'll git up and wash myself into a Christian agin. Reckon I'll have to put on some of my Sunday fixins, too, till these duds dry."

"But how did it all happen, Phil?" asked Mr. Jones, curiously.

"Tell you that arter I git up and scrub my face off," replied Phil.

His visitors retired, leaving Phil to make himself presentable, and to invent some plausible story to satisfy the curiosity of Mr. Jones.

### CHAPTER VI. PROSPECTING.

Phil was quite a rejuvenated youth when he presented himself at the breakfast-table of his grandmother. His face shone as if it had been polished with emery. He wore his best suit, which set off his handsome figure to advantage; and his eyes sparkled like two rubies.

"Gettin' to feel like myself agin," he said, as he saw the old lady's eyes fixed proudly on him.

"Sort of empty, too. Guess I kin eat my share."

"I am never afraid but what you will do that, Phil," she laughingly responded.

"Spose appetite must be a good thing fur boys to have, or they wouldn't have so much of it," replied Phil, in a tone of apology. "Seems somehow to grow with me."

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Mrs. Hardy darted forward and passed her hands over the boy's face.

"And where have you been? And did you find out anything?" she eagerly inquired.

"If I tell you, Susy, you won't tell anybody? Not even your father or mother?"

"Nobody. If you tell me not to."

"Let's take a seat then, Susy, for it's a long story. And I know some of it will make your hair stand right up on end."

She spread her hands resolutely on her curling locks, and determined that they should go into no such perpendicular freaks, as they took their usual seat, at the head of the stairs.

Phil did not romance to Susy, as he had done to his former auditors. She was the confidante of all his adventures, and he told her a plain, unvarnished tale of his last night's work. But it was to her romance of the deepest dye. She held her breath in terror or excitement at many points in the narrative, and when Phil reached his discovery of the deathly face it seemed indeed as if her hair would stand on end.

"Oh, Phil, what *did* she look like?" Susy breathlessly exclaimed.

"As pretty as a picture."

"Are you sure she wasn't dead?"

"Tim Fagan said she wasn't. That's all I know; except that her face didn't feel like a corpse's."

"But you haven't come to that yet."

"Well then you mustn't git skeetered at what I'm a-goin' to tell you now, fur I got into diff' culties, Susy. But I'm all right now, so don't gettin' nervous."

She could not very well control her nerves, however, as Phil told of his peril and escape.

"You're a dear, brave fellow, Phil, and it's just as good as reading a novel, and I'm going to kiss you for it."

At this Tim's arms were round Phil's neck in a hug which was full of nervous excitement.

"What are you going to do now, Phil?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Susy. Tell you to-morrow," said Phil.

But it was with considerable trouble that he escaped from his young friend, and made his way to the street.

Our vagabond was not very well defined in his ideas as to what was best to do in these very critical circumstances.

His first movement was toward the neighborhood of the previous night's adventure.

The house stood there still, as innocent looking and free from dubious secrets as summer sunshine can make a house appear.

The window of the mysteriously-occupied chamber was closed with a drawn curtain. This was the only evidence of concealment. Tim Fagan himself stood in the door of the tap-room, tall, raw-boned, muscular; with a thick red whisker and a fierce look about the eyes. Phil blessed his stars that he had not fallen into that man's hands the night before.

"He'd been wuss on me than a lemon-squeezin' thought the boy, as he noticed the brawny bare arm of the innkeeper. "If I'd a-got to 'em then, peer-singlers which I know he calls hands, and jist a-squeezed me. If things keeps on this way I'll come to think that is sich a thing as luck."

Phil walked slowly away, deeply cogitating. His step became more decided as his thoughts took definite shape, and he seemed to have arrived at some fixed conclusion.

"I calkerlate the custom-housers ought to be the ones to take a job like this in; for I know it's smuggled goods. And I giv you for it's smuggled is gittin' too weighty fur me."

In less than half an hour Phil found himself in the office of the New York Collector of Customs, having agreed for and been ushered into the room by the "biggest of the big."

This gentleman was alone, and looked up inquiringly at his youthful visitor, as the latter walked independently forward.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" he asked.

"Got five minutes to waste on a feller of your size?" responded Phil, helping himself to a chair.

"I have no time to waste on any one," was the smiling reply.

"Cause I sposse you'll think it's wasted," said Phil, depositing his hat on the table. "It's just this way: I'm on the track of some smuggled goods. I want a little help, fur it's kind of ticklish. And I didn't know where better to look fur it."

"What kind of smuggled goods?" asked the collector, leaning forward.

"Well," said Phil, hesitatingly, "I dunno just what kind of merchandise you call it. It's a sort you don't often lock up in your warehouses, cause why, it wont keep."

"That's three questions in one, and you dont give a feller time to beat breath between them," responded Phil, independently. "It's a queer sort, I kin tell you that."

"Will you tell me the other two questions?"

"Well, then, it's a woman," said Phil, driven to bay. "That is, it's a corpus. Or I mean it'd be a corpus if it were only dead and not playin' possum, as I've got a notion it is."

"What foolish nonsense is this?" asked the annoyed officer. "I have no more time to waste on you, boy. Merchants, now-a-days, do not import women. There are more here now than they can conveniently handle. And as for the corpse that is not a corpse, that is a riddle I shall not undertake to guess."

"It looks like one, anyhow," muttered Phil. "I tell you this. That was a feminine corpus, done up in drygoods, smuggled out of the Strongbow last night. And it's layin' now at Tim Fagan's, on the wharf. And if somethin' ain't done mighty soon I'm afeared there'll be murder."

"More likely a resurrection, if it is a corpse now," said the collector, ringing a bell at his elbow.

"Show this young man out," he said, shortly, to the messenger who entered.

"See here, Mr. Collector," said Phil, saucily.

"Maybe I've got things a little mixed up. But I dont see no use in your bein' so mighty crusty about it. It's your business to look up smuggled goods. That's what you're put here fur by our fellor citizens. Now I've got you posted," he said, with a smile.

"The police take charge of murders," said the collector, in a quiet tone. "Suppose you favor them with your comandurum."

"All sound!" retorted Phil. "I'll give you this for your pipe, though. I thinkin' of goin' into polteries, and I bet I'll be at the head of our ward ring afore I'm in it six months. So you look out, Mr. Collector. I'm a-goin' to make that seat of yours a hot one."

And Phil swaggered out, with his hat set jauntily on one side of his head. The official followed him with astonished eyes.

"His stot was almost incomprehensible mumble. He circled in his steps, as if he had really discovered something which he has mixed in the telling! At all events he is the sauciest young reprobate I have seen for an age."

Meanwhile Phil was making his independent way down the street.

He, too, mused as he went, somewhat in the following strain:

"Got a kind of steen notion that I've been making a fool of myself. It's a hard shing to say, but it runs my noddle it's the truth. Mr. Collector knew what he was talkin' about he knew a blained sight more than I did, fur I got within' folks and coathens tied up in a kind of hard knot, and which's git the bit of them open. And if I did sell myself fur a foot, I stuck to it anyhow. I wouldn't go back on a thing I'd said fur enough customers to patch that big shanty full. Tain't my way to git out of a blinder backwards. I b'lieve in goin' through, if it takes the hide off."

Thus cogitating, Phil made slow headway toward the wharves, the thought passing through his mind that perhaps he had best take the advice just given him, and apply to the police authorities.

"I just sposse, though," he thought, "that they'll worry me with all sorts of questions till I git impudent. And then I know it'll all be up."

And it's 'stonishin' how little a boy kin say without it's been called impudent. Now I tell him all the blather he's got to that customer till he ordered me out. And fur all that I bet he'd swear I was sancy as a pet cat. It's just odd what queer ways men has."

Phil turned hastily as he heard this familiar voice at his ear. He saw the begrimed face of Dirty Dick.

"Hello, hoss," was Phil's unique salutation.

"Oh! you needn't be squintin' at my rig. Been a-callin' on big bugs, and had to spruce up a little."

"Wonder if he aint been to a fire last night?" said Dick, sarcastically.

"Oh, big all the!" was Phil's impatient answer.

"So dry up. Where's the boys?"

"Dunno," replied Dick.

"Goin' to the wharf?"

"Guess so."

"All right. Trot along. I aint ashamed of you."

"For all that I've got a notion that it might do some good if you'd put that face of yours on a grindstone, and take off an inch or two of it. I'd like to see how fur down the hide is."

"You're b'fiddle! I scrubbed my face last Sunday," averred Dick.

"With the blackin' brush?"

"It's a-goin' to be a pain to answer such questions," said Dick, with assumed dignity.

Thus sparring the boys at length reached the wharf, the scene of their late quarrel. The Strongbow was now busily unloading. The wharf beside her was thickly strewn with her miscellaneous cargo, and a dozen drays were engaged in hauling it away.

Phil's enemy, the mate, was occupied in overseeing the process of unloading. He seemed not to have forgotten his late encounter with the boy. Phil could see him gradually approaching, in an apparently unintentional manner.

"Look out for black whiskers," said Dick, warningly.

"I'm a-goin' to be a pain to answer such questions," said Dick, with assumed dignity.

"You're a sweet specimen to have a delicate business in hand," exclaimed Hendricks in a savage tone, his hand within his breast, as if half-temped to draw and use a weapon on his dubious associate.

"It is your own bungling then," retorted Fagan, with equal fierceness.

"You have let the boy track you here. If there is any harm comes to me from this work, I'll be hanged if you shan't answer for it."

Hendricks was silent. He seemed to be struck by the possible truth of Fagan's theory.

"Is that all?" he asked. "There is no noise? No objection of a housebreaker?"

"Yes. I was wakened in the middle of the night, I don't know what by. There seemed to be a sound of some kind in the next room. I got a candle and prospected, but everything looked all right. I had a half notion it was the woman, but she lay as quiet as she does now. My wife found the kitchen door unbolted this morning, but though it must have been forgotten last night."

"And you got frightened away by a dead woman's face," said Hendricks, smirking.

"And all the time your chimney-sweep lay under the covers, laughing at you for a superstitious fool?"

Fagan's face darkened as he answered.

"It is as well for him! If I had caught the boy there I would not have left two bones of him hanging together. There is one thing certain, Jack Hendricks. That boy knows too much for our safety. He must be got rid of."

"That's my notion. The sharp young rogue sold himself to me cheap, this morning. He has got to be settled. And the woman—"

"Yes, the woman," interrupted Fagan, with an anxious expression.

The precious pair of rogues sat and earnestly conversed for the next half hour.

"Then at two o'clock, sharp, to-night," announced Hendricks, with incautious loudness, as he rose to depart.

"Make it two. I will be ready," replied Fagan, following from the room.

They were quite unaware that the window had been raised and the shutter only bowed, and that a pair of sharp ears outside had overheard this appointment.

"Scoot, Dirty Dick!" whispered Phil Hardy. "The game's afoot."

And the two young spies hastily left that perilous locality.

The day passed on; the night came. It was clear and moonlit. But as midnight went by the moon sunk low westwardly behind the roofs and spires of the city. Only the faint starlight and the distant glow of street lamps, broke the thick gloom which lay in the dark waters of the bay. The night had all the stillness of June and everything lay in placid warmth.

The great ships rose and fell with a long, low pulse at the wharves and at their anchorage in the bay. A boat containing two youthful occupants, and closely hugging the sides of an unoccupied pier, rose on this same low swell from the ocean without. The seas and streams were far more tranquil than were their young hearts at that moment, as they anxiously waited for some expected event.

The hour of two tolled solemnly from some far-off belfry tower. Almost simultaneously footsteps and low voices were audible on the adjoining wharf. The boys remained silent until moment more they caught the glimpse of a low, dark boat stealing swiftly out over the dusky waters of the East river.

Their own ears moved as if muffled. No sound came from them as their boat shot out in the wake of the former.

For half a mile this silent flight and chase continued. The middle of the stream was reached, and both boats headed down toward the bay.

"Listen!" said one of the occupants of the foremost boat. "That sounds like an oar."

His companion stooped down and looked out in line with the surface of the water.

"It's not so bad," Fagan, he replied.

"There is a boat not a quarter of a mile off, and headed straight this way. Pull hard, man, we may be pursued."

"Best lighten our load and head for shore," muttered Fagan, savagely. "We're too heavy astern. There's no better place than this for the job. Our unlucky ballast will sink like a stone; and then aint a craft on the river can overhaul us with a light boat."

"Well thought of," assented Hendricks, harshly. "Wish I'd put a stone to her feet to make it surer."

"You can see for yourself," said the collector, in a quiet tone. "Suppose you favor them with your comandurum."

"All sound!" retorted Phil. "I'll give you this for your pipe, though. I thinkin' of goin' into polteries, and I bet I'll be at the head of our ward ring afore I'm in it six months. So you look out, Mr. Collector. I'm a-goin' to make that seat of yours a hot one."

And Phil swaggered out, with his hat set jauntily on one side of his head.

"His stot was almost incomprehensible mumble. He circled in his steps, as if he had really discovered something which he has mixed in the telling! At all events he is the sauciest young reprobate I have seen for an age."

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Despite her sad heart, Grace smiled at her last words.

But Clara Dean did not smile. A musing look in the last moment, had gradually settled upon her face. Looking up quietly, she said:

"One thing is certain in my mind, Grace, and that is: your stepmother and Abner Denby have met before to-night!"

"What! And why do you think so?"

"I saw a glance pass between them, when your father so curiously introduced his *hired man* to her. There was something significant in that glance. Wouldn't it be quite strange if it should turn out that—"

She paused—meaning smile playing around her lips.

"I saw no such glance," answered Grace, uneasily. "But you were going to say something else, Clara!"

"Only this: it would be strange if the present Mrs. Grayling should turn out to be the former lady-love of your father's head-clerk—the fair, but faithless Cynthia Summers!"

Grace sat bolt upright in her chair; her smooth brow wrinkled and a hot reply was on her lips. But forcing a calmness, she said:

"'Tis an insinuation unworthy of you, Clara; and what you say is sheerest nonsense. The very idea!"

Clara only smiled.

The two girls were certainly very wide-awake, for they continued to talk until long after the old mansion was wrapt in silence, until past the weird and witch-like midnight hour.

But at last they arose, and began their preparations for retiring.

"Did it ever strike you, Grace?" said Clara, in an abstracted manner. "That this old mansion is a fitting place for a tiptop first-class ghost promenade?" and she laughed loud.

"Ghost! Yes; and did you know, Clara, there is an old-time tale that this old mansion is haunted—that it is infested by the uneasy spirit of one of its long-time ago owners, one of the Mantons family, who met in some way with a sudden death."

"Oh, yes; 'tis an old-time tale to me," was the reply. "This is a fitting hour for ghosts to walk; so say old women and wiseacres! And upon my soul, the deserted veranda under our window is a marvelous place for those unsupstantial nothings to take an airing upon!"

With a light, scornful laugh Clara walked to the window which opened upon the veranda. The curtain was drawn aside.

But a chill of sudden horror almost froze Clara Dean's heart, as, at that very moment, a short figure, in sheeted white, passed slowly by the window.

With a wailing cry Clara staggered back and fell to the floor.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE NIGHT OF THE RECEPTION.

ABNER DENBY had heard the shriek; and he had seen, only a few moments before, the apparition which had passed by Grace's window.

There were two others in the mansion who heard the cry, likewise—Mrs. Grayling and Florraine Flavelle.

These two were, at the time, in the maid's room wherein the lady had had her mysterious interview with Abner Denby.

She started at the cry, and exclaimed:

"Good heavens! What can that be?"

The French maid, though somewhat startled, soon recovered her wonted taciturnity, and smiled as she said:

"'Tis rumored, madame, that this old house is haunted; 'tis only my suggestion, you know."

"Haunted! Bosh! I rather fear that that white-faced fool, Abner Denby, has been seen, and—"

"Let us step out into the yard, and take a look," coolly interrupted Florraine, moving toward the door.

Mrs. Grayling hesitated, then the two stole out into the cold night. Reaching the yard they glanced about them, then up at the dark veranda running by the second-story window.

"Good heavens, madame! Look!" ejaculated the maid, in a frightened whisper.

She was pointing toward the further end of the long porch; a short, dull-white object which was keeping away in that direction. A moment and it disappeared as though suddenly swallowed up in the darkness.

Mrs. Grayling had seen it, then fled into the house, and stole like a guilt-cursed thing into her chamber, where her husband had been asleep for more than an hour.

It was known, the following day, that on the night which had just passed, a veritable ghost had been seen by more than one person under the snow-covered roof of the old home.

When this news reached the ears of Mr. Grayling he was visibly annoyed. He scouted the ghost theory in *toto*. When alone he muttered:

"Confound this thing! It bothers me—why I have enough on hand already! This may take some prowler who is after robbery, and takes this guise to attain his object. As to the 'haunted' tale of the old mansion, 'tis simply absurd. 'pon my soul, I am sorry now for more reasons than one that I dismissed old Silas. He would have been first-rate at ferreting out this mystery. I wonder where the poor old fellow is? I daresay in Shorely, I must search him out and bring him back."

Mr. Grayling was not satisfied that day until he and John had made a search. The old mansion was ransacked from garret to cellar, and every hole and corner, nook, cranny and secret passage looked into. But in vain. Nothing suspicious was found; and the scare subsided.

In due time the ghost rumor reached Thorle Manton. It came in such an authentic shape that when he heard it a certain look overspread his brow.

"I know the old-time tale concerning one of my dead ancestors," he remarked, with an incredulous smile. "But that was worse than true. I could give five hundred dollars if I was allowed to watch in the old mansion, if I could get my hands on this ghost. 'Tis my opinion that it would turn out to be *that villain, Moses Denby!*"

For a long time he, and the ever-present Margoun, consulted about the affair; but as young Manton suggested the name of Moses Denby, the East Indian shook his head.

Another week rolled away, and at last came the momentous evening of the grand reception at the Grange.

Manton's prompt and polite note accepting the invitation had pleased Mr. Grayling vastly. His opinion of the young man had changed completely within the last two weeks.

Was it owing to the fact that Thorle Manton was now a wealthy gentleman? Or was it because Manton's leonine courage and iron arm had stood between him and her he loved, and death?

At all events old Gilbert Grayling was glad that his young neighbor was coming. He imparted the news to his daughter; and he noted well the quick flashing of her eye, and the sudden tinge of her cheek. He knew that she, too, was pleased.

The reception was indeed a grand affair. "All the world" was there. The *elite* of Shorely and the surrounding country graced the occasion with their presence. Old Dr. Goodspeed, of course, was present. The fine old gentleman seemed inclined to patronize the greater portion of the company. He certainly took unusual pains to meet every one with whom he came in contact; that he was the family physician at the aristocratic Grange.

At an early hour Thorle Manton was ready. He was arrayed faultlessly and richly; he never looked handsomer in his life.

The young man had been anxious for Margoun to go, too, intimating that he could readily secure him an invitation; but the tall, stately Hindoo had respectfully, yet almost haughtily, declined any such efforts in his behalf.

Then Thorle had entered his carriage, and was soon speeding through the dark, half-moonlighted copse toward the Grange.

But that carriage was not the same dilapidated vehicle in which, a short time before, the young man had escorted Grace and Clara to their home. Far from it!

Nor was brawny, broad-shouldered Aleck, now in handsome livery, scarcely to be recognized, as the same ragged young fellow who drove the cart, with the broken down steed, to Shorely on the day of his young master's return to the Lodge.

Margoun was left alone. But he cared not. Seated in the study, he passed the time in smoking, reading, and promenading the room. But as the night deepened, he flung himself into a chair, and leaning back, gave himself up to thought.

Gradually his eyes closed, his hands sunk by his side, and a deep slumber fell upon him.

An hour passed; then another. Still Margoun slept on. But he suddenly awoke at last and glanced toward the window.

A quick, loud snapping, as of an exploded gun-cup, coming from that direction, had awakened him.

A single look and he sprang to his feet. At the window, plainly showing by the light from within, were the shoulders and white, square face of a man. He held in his hand a pistol.

Like lightning Margoun snatched out his own weapon and fired. Then came the sudden, sharp sound of shivering glass. A second, and it was followed by a loud, howl of pain, as the white face, which the East Indian knew so well, disappeared from the window.

Margoun sprang forward, and flinging up the sash, looked out.

But the murderer was gone—gone not to be seen again around the old Lodge.

Margoun quietly reloaded his pistol, and resumed his seat, determined to remain until his friend should return.

Midnight passed; then the early hours of morning came. The East Indian still waited and watched.

It was nearly day when the faint creaking of carriage-wheels echoed in the enclosure at the Lodge. A few moments later Thorle Manton entered the room.

His face was as white as a winding-sheet; he was trembling from head to foot.

"Strange news, Margoun!"—strange news at the "Grange to-night?" he said, in a voice almost sepulchral in tone, as he flung himself into a chair, and almost glared at his dusky companion.

He must return to the Grange.

Thorle Manton was the observed of all observers, and he was most warmly welcomed by Mr. Grayling. When he was presented to the flashing, resplendent new wife, the young man bowed like a courier over her jeweled hands.

And Mrs. Grayling could not repress a glance of admiration, as her eyes rested upon his fair form.

But that expression gave way to one of bitter envy; as a moment later, she saw him offer his arm to Grace, and saunter away amid the thronging crowd. It was a notable couple; and many at the Grange on that memorable night thought and said.

As Thorle with his lovely partner was promenading the length of the large, old-fashioned porch, he almost slipped, and at once, he came face to face with Abner Denby.

That young fellow, so far as attire was concerned, was almost if not quite the peer of Thorle Manton; and the blushing girl who hung fastidiously upon his arm, rivaled Grace Grayling in beauty.

That girl was Clara Dean, and the dark-eyed, red-cheeked maiden never shone so resplendently.

Young Manton passed on with a haughty air, noticing neither Clara nor her escort. But when he was beyond ear-shot he whispered:

"Do you know that fellow—that white-faced young gentleman, Miss Grayling?"

"Know him?—yes, indeed. And in your ear, Mr. Manton, the right name for him is *Twelve*!"

"Ah! yes, I dare say."

"Why, and she laughed innocently, "that fellow once presumed to make love to me!"

She blushed deeply. She was speaking somewhat impulsively.

"He did the scon—But his name, Miss Grayling?"

"Know him?—yes, indeed. And in your ear, Mr. Manton, the right name for him is *Twelve*!"

"Ah! yes, I dare say."

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### Sunshine Papers.

#### A Talk to Talkers.

There is an art in which all individuals of sound faculties should constantly seek to perfect themselves. It is an art that gains people's admiration and respect; gives pleasure to associates; refines and elevates one's self; and all those with whom one comes in contact; is acquired without neglect of any other pursuit, and may be mastered completely and easily by every man and woman of ordinary intelligence. This most desirable art is the art of *talking correctly*. To speak pure, elegant, concise, grammatical English is one of the greatest charms that men and women can possess; and—if we may be permitted to repeat—it is a charming art completely and easily within the reach of every individual, poor and rich, alike.

Yet strangely enough, in the ordinary walks of life, it is the exception rather than the rule

to meet persons of perfectly correct diction. Popular lecturers, orators, and clergymen, often make most absurd mistakes in the pronunciation of words and the construction of sentences. Business men, and clerks, and school-children, and the young women and mothers at home, all mar their speech with inelegancies, and interjections, and grammatical inaccuracies. We have heard men and women who ought to know better, and who *do* know better, from simple carelessness, talk most inelegantly; and young ladies who have had every advantage for study use such shamefully-incorrect language that strangers listening to it could scarcely fail to set them down as quite uneducated. Fathers and mothers, who should aim to make refined and careful conversation one of the elevating and healthful influences of the home-life of their children, frequently seem utterly regardless of purity of expression and orthoepy; and even children daily attending school, and daily reciting a lesson in grammar, make the most barbarous mistakes in the use of language.

There is no excuse for this prevalence of conversational imperfection, for schools are numerous, and free, and the hours are neither irksome nor inconvenient; the child of the poorest parents, in town or country, may spend a few years, or a few months of each year, at school acquiring the rudiments of a sound education; and these foundations of learning gained it is perfectly and even easily possible for those who are so disposed to improve themselves day by day, a life-time through, without further aid from masters.

Yet we think this popular defect may be accounted for in several ways; the flood of cheap, exciting literature that pervades the country, poisons the purity of the language of many young persons by familiarizing them with vulgar words, profane expressions, and the low and incorrect language put in the mouths of the characters that figure in the plots.

Then, too, within a few years past our language has been deluged with a rapid increase of slang and oddly idiomatic sentences. Moreover, a certain class of young men and women, in affecting a fast or foreign style, have fallen into the way of using numberless interjections and absurd repetitions. And, lastly, careless habits, rather than real ignorance, are accountable for many of even the worst mistakes we hear. It is so easy, unless one is watchful of them, to fall into errors that are common to those about us. We repeat, however, that there is no excuse for those who have had the advantage of a fair education, or, indeed, for those persons who by some combination of fortuitous circumstances have been denied any opportunities for study, not using correct language. Persons who cannot repeat a single arbitrary rule from any grammar, may yet, by the use of a little common sense and attention to the conversation of those of their acquaintances who do speak well, soon acquire a proper use of words and sentences.

There are few men and women of such dull comprehension that they do not know when they use vulgarisms—sentences, expressions, and names, never used by modest and refined people; these disgusting errors, then, by self-watchfulness, may be completely conquered. Slang, too, is not liable to be mistaken for pure and right English by any persons of moderate clear intellect, and the use of it should be studiously avoided.

Frequent use of interjections should be corrected, and all such sentences as "please your honor," "don't you know," "you know," "I guess so," "I reckon," and by-words should be left unuttered.

Of very frequent occurrence are such horrible sentences as—"Ain't you going to stay with us?" for "Aren't you going to stay with us?" "Ain't he coming here?" for "Isn't he coming here?" "Ain't I to have that book?" for "Am I not to have that book?" Any person possessed of even so small an amount of common sense must see that *ain't* cannot stand for *are not*, *am not*, and *is not*; and that it is an incorrect construction to use for any one of those expressions. *Aren't, isn't, don't, doesn't, can't, shan't, mustn't*, etc., are admissible ways for shortening negative forms of verbs in ordinary conversation; but even the use of these is avoided as much as possible by good speakers.

Often we hear *don't* used indiscriminately for *does not* and *do not*; *won't* for *would not* and *will not*; errors easily righted by a moment's thought. *Hain't, 'tain't, his'n, your'n, their'n, our'n, once, daren't, mayn't, more'n*, are all extremely improper words. Then there are persons who say *git for get, set for sat, kin for can, set for sit, lay for lie, done for tid, across for across, known for knew, drowned for drowned, drawed for drew, seen for sav, ruz for risen, from mere carelessness; and so annoy refined ears beyond expression by a habit that may be speedily corrected by the exercise of a little patience and resolution.*

Persons frequently forget that *one of two things cannot be best*; there must be three, or more, things among which to choose a *best*; so in speaking of two articles, or persons, be careful to say "I like the red flag *the better*," or "I like Sarah *the better*," also when you use *neither* or *not* in a sentence, do not forget that *nor instead of or must follow*, as "Neither Jessie nor May are coming," "I cannot sing *no play*." You cannot use *between* in regard to more than two objects, but *among* refers to three or more.

Another common mistake is the use of adjectives to qualify verbs, when adverbs, only, are correct. It is a frequent but ugly error, to say "A person sings *beautiful*," "dances *nicely*," "behaves *sweet*," instead of *beautifully*, *nicely*, *sweetly*.

Many persons make shameful blunders in the pronunciation of the most common names and words. Mary is not *Merry*, but Mary; and Sarah is not *Sary*. Words terminating in *ment* are pronounced that way, and *not ment*; and words ending in *ing*, are *not in'*; nor words ending in *ue, chre, Rins*, *not rense*; nor *aspasius, sparrowsgrass*; nor *musk-melon, mush-melon*; nor *sausage, sausages*; nor *vegetables, sass*; nor *homely, humbly*; nor *engine, ingine*; nor *kettle, kettle*; nor *fellow, fellor*; nor *for, fur*; nor *boil, boil*; nor *bristles, bruswades*. Words commencing with a *v* are pronounced as if spelled with a *w*.

A lady who moves in excellent and educated society told me, lately, that she attempted to use the word *quofid* before her clergyman, and suddenly became conscious that she did not know how to pronounce it. If every family would keep a dictionary—even a tiny one—upon the table in the room most used, and refer to it concerning every word that they are doubtful as to how to pronounce, such awkwardnesses would soon be corrected.

If you cannot cure yourself of mistakes otherwise, ask your friends to remind you of every inelegancy, slang, mispronunciation, and grammatical inaccuracy you use, and immediately repeat the offending sentence in pure, chaste English. And let every young man and young woman, and every elderly man and elderly woman, seek to speak the English language faultlessly.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### What We Do Not Make Heroes of.

The other day I took up a story by Thos. Bailey Aldrich, in which I found a little topic for an essay. The author was relating the adventures of a boy who came near losing his life by the explosion of a barrel, under which some powder had been placed, to celebrate the "glorious Fourth of July." He writes: "I recovered sufficiently from my injuries to attend school, where for a little while I was looked upon as a hero on account of being blown up;" then he quietly asks: "What don't we make a hero of?"

We don't make heroes of a great many persons whom we should. We don't make them of persons who, day after day, month after month, and year after year, are confined to their sick rooms with incurable diseases, but who bear their burdens cheerfully, hopefully, and with Christian resignation, never murmuring or repining let the pain be ever so acute. Yet there is *real* bravery in this resignation; it requires *true* heroism to bear sickness without complaining, and yet we don't make heroes of them!

We don't make heroes of those parents who are slighted and churlishly treated by their children, and who yet continue to do their duty by them, forgetting the slights and for giving the neglect, loving those who give no love in return, working their lives out for others' comfort, never tiring with doing good—though repaid so miserably; never weary, and only dying when thoroughly worn out. Does it not require courage and heroism to give a kiss for a blow? How few of us can bring ourselves to do that; it is heroic, yet we don't make heroes of those whose self-sacrifice is so ceaseless—whose devotion is so unselfish.

We don't make heroes of those who go from door to door inquiring into the welfare of their neighbors, leaving words of cheer here, carrying sunshine there, spreading comfort all around, giving what little they have to spare in the way of money—almost too little to be noticed save by the eye of the Omnipotent. Perhaps if the amount were millions, it might look large to the eye of the world, but not to God's. We might think it heroic to give away millions, but there is generally more *heroism* in those who give away the little sums. Those who give millions can well *afford* it; they feel no deprivation nor stint themselves on that account, and yet we make heroes of them; but for those who have little to give, and for what they give they must deprive themselves of comforts and necessities, we have no record. It requires much heroism to go without needful articles in order to give to others more need, but who, ever thought of making heroes of them?

We don't make heroes of the hardy workers of the world who delve in the earth, who sail on the sea, or who keep the wheels of life turning smoothly; of the thousands who are toiling and are more fit to be in their beds at rest than wearing out hands and brain, and doing so because they desire to keep their loved ones from starvation.

Oh, could these workers lives but be published we should see who the real heroes and heroines of the world are; how bright would their deeds shine and how near akin to saints would many of them appear; but now we merely say—do we always feel the words we utter?—"God pity the poor." God *does* pity them, and it is His pity and strength that supports them and encourages them to strive on.

We don't make heroes of the brave lads who are thirsting for knowledge, but who are obliged to leave college, academy or school to earn their own way by mental labor. To have a thorough education has been the ambition of these lads' lives, and it requires great heroism to give up one's ambition and the hopes that intelligence always inspires.

It seems to me that they deserve more credit than they receive; their examples should serve as models to others. It is better and nobler to struggle on without repining than to sit on the highway and weep because things have turned out differently from what we expected, or because we cannot have our own way in everything.

Don't think to find *all* your heroes among those whose words and deeds are trumpeted abroad. Seek for them among the humblest classes, in the toiling millions.

Ah, there are many true heroes dwelling "far from the madding crowd" whose deeds are not penned by earthly hands, but who have their record written above in the great book of life.

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Henry Hudson.

THIS renowned discoverer of the Hudson river was born in the city of Amsterdam, though his parents were Dutch. He spoke the Dutch language with great fluency. His enemies always accused him of belonging to the low Dutch; but on such occasions he would get his Dutch up high and proceed to show that he was High Dutch in a worthy manner.

The greatest part of his life was spent as a sea-captain on the blue waters of the Holland canals, making stormy voyages between Amsterdam and Rotterdam—m. (I touch these last syllables lightly for fear I might have some readers who do not belong to church.)

His famous canal-boat, from its resemblance to the crescent, was named the Half Moon. It was low amidships and high at the bow and stern, modeled after a Holland shoe.

He was looked upon as an able navigator by everybody of that country, and never humbled himself to anything but a low bridge.

When he would approach a town the people were aroused by the terrific toots of his horn, and they would exclaim—"Ich du leifer! Here comes dot Heinrich Hudson again any more," and they would go down to welcome him into the harbor, and there was not one of them too proud to refuse to take a glass of lager with him at his expense. He always had plenty of it in the hold.

He had a faint idea that it was made to drink, and looked upon it when it was red; it was always ready. As he was nearly as tall as he was wide, he had an endless capacity for stowage, and peopled used to remark on gazing at his proportions. "Dot was a traffeling beer-cellar."

His face was jolly and round, and on his head, which was as bald as a hotel clothes-brush, he wore a peaked hat to resemble a beer-funnel. The most prominent and constant feature on his face was a short-handled clay pipe whose vestal fire never went down, so when people saw his gallant craft going by they imagined it was a steamboat.

One day Heinrich sat on deck asleep during a dead-calm, while the mules were feeding and the Half Moon lay at anchor, and dreamed of a river of lager beer in the lately-discovered New World, with the banks lined with pretzel-banks. He took a sudden notion to go and discover it for the benefit of the people who lived in New York, and when he was awakened by

a jerk on the tow-line, he told his dream to the crew and got them to consent to go with him.

He provisioned the Half Moon for a year's voyage with lager beer, pretzels, Holland gin and Limberger cheese, Rhine wine and switzer cheese, Scheid—schnaps and sour kraut, and set sail.

But a mutiny arose among the crew at the start. They said they did not mind to cross the ocean, but they did not want to get out of sight of the shore. They looked out to the western horizon and said there was no land, certainly, in that direction, and if they went out to that verge they would slip off. Altogether they preferred to go by land. They knew there was nothing beyond the horizon because they saw the sun go down behind it; besides, it looked too wet over there, and they said a storm might strike the Half Moon and make a full moon of it, or break it in two and make it a quarter-moon.

It took all the persuasion and lager at his command to induce the crew to give up their fears; they said they would rather give up anything else, but they kept on under protest and a full head of sail.

Day after day did the *doughty navigator* sit on the stern of his vessel, smoking his pipe, and taking in lager beer for ballast; day after day the sun rose and the lager went down, and ever his eagle eye was bent forward anxiously looking for land.

The crew got uneasy and the old salt himself would have given a thousand dollars an acre for the poorest land he could get to see. The sailors declared that the other side of the sea had all been washed away.

As time went on fast and the Half Moon went on slow, even Heinrich himself began to wonder if he hadn't crossed the river he was hunting, in the night, without discovering it; but he said he wouldn't give out till the lager did, and when any of the crew threatened to leave and go back, he would say: "Go West, young man, and grow mit the country oop."

Days passed away like a barrel of pretzels and their spirits went down with the Holland gin. The prospect of ever going to any place except the skies was sadening.

Henry did not really care so much for the world as he did for the river, and he smoked his thoughtful pipe in silence and doubt.

But, one day a cry of "land" roused up Henry from a melancholy doze on deck, and everybody was so overjoyed that they took three glasses apiece—spy-glasses, of course—to be sure they were right; and before night the little Half Moon entered New York bay without being boarded by a custom-house officer, and discovered the river which had been waiting so long to be discovered.

Henry was welcomed on Manhattan Island by the savages with a speech, replete with friendship, but it was not printed in the morning papers. The compliment was returned in the loftiest Dutch which Henry could command, and then he treated, and everybody got—what was expected. This was the first drunk on the island, and it is occasionally celebrated to this day.

Hudson afterward sailed up the river in the direction of Albany, but couldn't find the town, and returned and established a brewery on Manhattan Island, from which rivers of beer flowed, soothing the gentle savage breast. He served as alderman for some years and afterward went back to Holland, which he found to be still occupied by the Dutch.

The question naturally arises, if he had not discovered the Hudson river how would the people of New York do without

STAR OF MY SOUL.

A LOVE SONG.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Star of my soul, shine on me in thy splendor,  
Lean o'er thy casement's rose-encircled frame;  
My Heaven is in thine eyes, so darkly tender,  
My Earth is like a sea, and thou its star.  
The ocean of sorrows has travel'd far,  
A world of stars, but I have outshone them;  
Oh, radiant face, beam on me like a blossom,  
The one sweet blossom of the world to me.  
Star of my soul, oh, sweet, fair star,  
The wind sings at thy casement bar;  
My heart is singing at thy feet,  
And all the world, because of thee, is sweet.

Star of my soul, if I might climb and kiss thee,  
With my heart's passion brimming on my mouth,  
Thenceforth in absent moments thou wouldst miss me,  
As roses miss the sweet wind from the south.  
And I will know that I might return and weep thee  
Forevermore upon my faltering heart.  
If thou couldst only know the love I bear thee,  
Not death nor fate could keep our souls apart.  
Star of my soul, oh, sweet, fair star,  
The wind sings at thy casement bar;  
My heart is singing at thy feet,  
And all the world, because of thee, is sweet.

A Woman's Scorn.

BY LUCILLE HOLLISS.

It was a dainty envelope—the palest shade of green, monogrammed in deeper green, and faintly perfumed, and superscribed in a fine, womanish hand—that Finley Arbuthnot toyed with, as he sat at his late breakfast opposite his lady mother.

"Well, Finley, that envelope seems to hold a special fascination for you. Of course, you know that you may be excused if you desire to open it."

"Thanks, mother; but there is no reason why I should honor this communication beyond any that I receive. I prefer to make business await its appointed hour. I was only speculating concerning the theory that chiropathy is indicative of character, and assuming the theory correct, for the nonce, wondering how nearly right I am in my interpretation of the character herein prefigured."

"May I see it a minute? Thank you. Now tell me what you read here."

"Considerable talent, hardly genius, I think, and an equal amount of vanity. Pride without power, passion without depth, purpose without will, decided indications of weakness and indecision. Am I right, think you?"

"Not as I should read, but I doubt if you are not slightly influenced by personal knowledge of the writer."

"Possibly! I certainly have met the writer; but I should like to hear your interpretation, if you will confer the favor."

"I should say there was a great deal of power, and will, in the person who penned these lines, and an immense ability to subject emotions to a rigid mental custody. At all events, Finley, there is a terrible reserve force somewhere in this nature, and playing with fire occasionally proves dangerous, you know."

The lady gave the signal for leaving the table, and the slender, dark-faced man smiled as he gathered up his mail and made his way to the library. This had been the Arbuthnot boys' especial sanctum; they had shared it together, each having his own desk, and table, and private chair, and all appliances for work or pleasure; and now that the boys were men and one had voluntarily gone forth, forever, from his cozy, luxurious home, the room was sacred to Finley. No one ever invaded this place without its master's permission, and here he spent his mornings, attending to his correspondence and giving play to his fanciful and sometimes vividly strong imagination that had won for him considerable of fame and money. The envelope that Mr. Arbuthnot selected to open first this morning was the pale green one, with its delicate, womanish superscription.

The letter read:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:  
The letter you kindly sent me last week deserved, at least, an acknowledgment. Forgive me, if you can—I think that those three last words are entirely unnecessary; they have so long ignored it, and I only sent it off to you, to let you know that I can say more—that no matter what entanglements I may have drawn about myself, no matter what pain may result from my decision, let come what will, I will follow it; I will never give my hand where my heart cannot follow. I will not compromise myself in any case, enough for compasses of human hearts to investigate without adding mine to the list. Better no marriage than an imperfect one. See how like you—excuse me—how philosophical I am growing to be! I will see you Wednesday, if you wish it. Suppose you call for me, we will walk together." MARGUERITE LINN."

Finley Arbuthnot smiled a self-satisfied, quizzical smile, and stroked his long mustache.

"She has been a pretty little bit of study, that girl; but I flattered myself I knew her thoroughly now. It was not such a sad thing after all that I put an end to the nonsense between her and Jack. She would not have had enough influence over him to have done him any good. He is bound to go to the bad, anyway; best to save her from sharing his fate. He has precious little of the Arbuthnot money to run through with; now, if he could not have supported a wife, even if he had brought her here, to stay in the home the Lowrie wealth provides while mother lives. And now I must keep Marguerite from marrying any one else, out of pique. There is no use in her throwing herself away—if only I were rich—but nonsense; I shall not want a wife yet, this many a year, not while I can live here, luxuriously, and go on in my own way; and, after all this is changed, the woman I marry must have money."

And so this man with the changeable gray eyes that could look such unutterable tenderness or such calculating selfishness, the tawny-faced, handsome man, on whom so much of wealth and mental good had been lavished, lightly sketched his bright destiny, in the present with sunbeams purchased at the expense of a brother's ruin and a girl's broken heart and betrayed faith.

And Marguerite Linn? A fragile girl, perfect of form, graceful of movement, with a tintless oval face, pure and soft like an infant's, and as full of changing expressions as a cloudy day is full of shifting lights, and great enchanting violet eyes, deepening in anger under their dark straight brows and long fringe-like lashes to a cloudy black; a girl in every way delightful to men of luxurious, aesthetic tastes.

A girl—yet she had lived two and twenty years, to that time of life which finds many of her sex fully developed into womanhood; but hers was not a nature to mature early; it was one of tropical character, born in a calm of circumstances and chillness of climate that tended to render its expansion and perfection a matter of years; and, perhaps, Finley Arbuthnot had hardly mastered this mystery of Marguerite's being when he thought he had thoroughly triumphed in the study he had made of her.

Yet, she had loved Jack Arbuthnot, and loved his brother—not was that a proof that Finley had read her character rightly when he had attributed to it weakness and indecision?

"Marguerite, I have come as you wrote that I might; but instead of going to walk I am going to take you home with me. Not an excuse, please! Here is an invitation from my mother; and you will be sure to like her. There is no company at the house, and we shall have a few quiet, delightful days together. You will get ready?"

"Mr. Arbuthnot, I hardly dare to say yes, though—"

"I say it for you, then! Come, Daisy, I shall wait for you, and you must spare my patience as much of a trial as possible."

Marguerite started.

"Daisy?"

"Don't you like that name, little girl? You know I am old enough to be allowed a trifling abatement of stern formality?"

"Oh, it's not that; only do not call me Daisy; Jack called me that."

"And so it is sacred. You are mourning for him yet, poor child." Finley let his hand move caressingly over her bronze-hued hair, as he softly murmured his words and pity.

"No; you will persist in mistaking me, Mr. Arbuthnot. I am not mourning for your brother, and I do not want your pity, only—" she paused, but not shily, dreamily, as if her thoughts had flown so far ahead of her words that she had forgotten she was speaking.

"Only what, Marguerite?"

She glanced up frankly, and the violet eyes were very earnest:

"Only your friendship."

"You know that that is yours unalterably, little girl. Now prove if it gains a fair exchange by getting ready to go with me."

They were delightful days that Marguerite Linn spent with Finley Arbuthnot in Mrs. Lowrie's beautiful home. Finley's mother was sweetly gracious to her son's *protégé*, and the girl idled the hours away in luxurious indolence, while Finley talked to her or read with her, and feasted his senses on her dreamy graces of motion, her physical beauty, and a vague, tantalizing shadow of southern passion in her manners like a low, sweet, scarcely perceptible undertone pulsing through a piece of music. And those days were only the beginning of two years of the same aesthetic, unruled, pleasurable association.

Mr. Arbuthnot never really made love to the girl Marguerite; treating her always like a tender elder brother, it was satisfaction enough to this man, who was fond of keeping existence full of the most pleasurable sensations, to see how surely and strongly she gravitated toward him. Neither had he spurred her on to anything more than the light literary achievements she had commenced and continued under his tutorage. Had he done either, the end of those days must have come sooner. But he knew that to do the one must terminate this intimacy that was so pleasing to him, and to do the other was to usher a new rival upon the field of his own profession. And so this woman's life, that another's selfishness had kept undeveloped so long, blossomed into the fullness of its torrid nature with a suddenness and pain that startled him.

Finley Arbuthnot met an aristocratic, wealthy woman whom his tender gray eyes and handsome, tawny face, and literary reputation fascinated. Here was a chance to assure himself a continuance of that luxury to which his mother's use of her second husband's property had accustomed him from boyhood; moreover, he was not unconscious of the fact that Miss Converse, without money even, was a woman any man might be proud to win for her.

And Marguerite Linn must be told this. He was not a coward to shrink from the performance of this necessity, or, perhaps, he had miscalculated its effects.

At Mrs. Lowrie's request, instigated by her son, the girl came for a day and night to Starwood. The afternoon had been spent in riding along the golden and flame-hung autumn streets, and the evening in literary gossip, lounging in Turkish comfort before the flaming grate fire. The hour was late, and the hostess had already said good-night, and a soft, idle silence had fallen in the scarlet-curtained room.

Finley was wondering how he should word his news, and if he should not miss, more than had reckoned, this girl's presence out of his life.

"Marguerite,"

She stirred indolently, turning her handsome eyes upon his face.

"Yes?"

"Will you congratulate me? I am to be married in a few weeks, and the next time we meet here I shall be able to introduce you to my wife."

The great eyes darkened into a perfect fury of black; the scarlet lips curved in wondering scorn; the beautifully pale face grew deathly white; but the girl only rose and left Arbuthnot alone in the terrible silence.

"So she has gone to have it out alone in her room. I only hope she will not make a scene in the morning, or come down with—Good heavens!"

Marguerite glided through the hall arrayed in cloak and bonnet. Finley sprung to the door she was unfastening, and dragged her into the room.

"Marguerite, where are you going? What does this mean?"

"Take your hand off me!" she cried, in a passion. "I am going home! Do you think I would stay under the same roof with you, a moment longer?"

"And we have been such friends, little girl!"

Arbuthnot commenced, reproachfully, in his soft voice. "Are you angry at your friend because he is going to marry? Did you never think that, like other men, he might do that one day?"

"No! I counted you better than other men!"

You once begged me not to commit matrimonial suicide, and I never believed you could do it!

I am the only woman who can be your perfect wife. Your whole future will prove it.

Your nature will ceaselessly cry out for me, to fill its needs; *you love me!*"

Perhaps some consciousness of the truth stung him and evoked his sarcasm.

"Have I ever told you so?"

"Not in words; they were not needed! You know I was yours, heart and soul; and that by every sacred tie of the affinity that exists between us, you belong to me. You have proved yourself weak, selfish, villainous, and I despise you utterly!"

She turned to go, but Finley attempted still to detain her.

"You cannot go out alone, at this hour; and there is no train."

"There are carriages to be got. I am not afraid—not nearly as afraid as I would be to stay near such as you. Stand out of my way!"

And with that she left him, for there was in her voice that made him obedient to her for the first time in their two lives.

And Finley Arbuthnot married Miss Converse, a year passed by; and then, one day, his wife brought him a magazine in which his own name was signed at the end of one sketch and Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot at the end of another.

"What does it mean, dearest? Is she related to you? She has wonderful talent—more than that, real genius."

"I do not know, Mathilde. I cannot understand it. I know a Marguerite Linn; could she have married my brother Jack? He has not been heard of in years—and she did not love him! She wrote but occasionally, for third-rate journals; but this, you say, is a fine sketch."

"The finest thing I have ever read, in its line, excepting always my pet's writings, which, you know, I regard with jealousy partial eyes."

But Mrs. Arbuthnot's partiality, nor Finley's egoism could long refuse to acknowledge the masterly power and artistic beauty that made the writings of the new authoress sought for by a public gone wild with enthusiasm over her mighty genius. Even Finley could gain no knowledge as to this woman, whose talents were so far beyond his own that he was debarred from any attempt at rivalry, until, one evening, with his wife, he attended a select and brilliant reception given to welcome a distinguished foreigner to America, and a young gentleman joined the group among which they stood, crying gayly:

"I have what any person here would be proud to own the autograph of Margaret Linn Arbuthnot! She has written to say that the sudden indisposition of her husband renders her presence here to-night an impossibility."

"Oh, let us see the writing," cried a dozen voices, and a pale-green envelope—not faintly, but passionately sweet of perfume—passed from eager hand to hand, and came at last to the man who had often held just such dainty-tinted wrappers. The superscription was written in a bold, clear style, devoid of any attempt at ornamentation, a hand strangely powerful and controlled, yet wonderfully like to a finer chirography that Finley Arbuthnot had known so well and analyzed with such supreme self-conceit; the very likeness made the man tremble, for he had learned how wholly his nature craved the companionship of the woman it recalled, how utterly unmarried, in soul, he was to the woman he called wife—and whose very worship of himself irritated him.

"What a passionately strong, proud woman she must be—how full her nature of depths and heights of feeling unattainable by ordinary mortals," said Mathilde, as her husband passed back the precious envelope; and Finley cursed himself in his heart, as he remembered how differently he had interpreted Marguerite's chirography.

The next day Mr. Arbuthnot was called out of town for a brief season. At his return, Mathilde was not present to greet him as usual, and he went direct to his study. A pile of correspondence awaited him, and the first letter was incased in the envelope and superscribed in the hand of Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot. He tore it open feverishly. It read:

"Your brother, my husband, is dying, and wishes to see the man who is to be his successor. Are you not enough to help him? He will not curse you, he knows that your life must be already a perpetual curse; neither will I—though I feel so inclined when I know how I could have saved bright, honorable Jack Arbuthnot, if you had not come between with your love for him. I have tried to stay with him during the past months—for what he has suffered—but you have tricked him of all good—the love he might have had, the honorable career he might have attained, the life that might have been spared him. Still he desires to see the brother who was his idol."

"188—STREET."

Arbuthnot stood up, irresolutely, his hat in one hand, and Marguerite's damning words in the other, and the door opened and admitted his wife. She was just come in from the street, and there was that in her face that told Finley a horrible something had come between them.

"You need not go," she said, a few womanish tears trickling down her cheeks. "Your brother is dead, and buried. I have come to say good-by, until you can make arrangements to leave this house. Of course we cannot live together now. I have ceased to respect a man that committed matrimonial suicide and married me solely for wealth."

"What has Marguerite told you?"

"Nothing. Her new book is out, and when I read it I knew all; and when I went with the messenger sent to fetch you to your brother's death-bed, I could doubt nothing!"

She waited a minute as if to give this man had so loved a chance to say some word in extenuation of his selfishness and heartlessness; but when he did not speak she went from his presence, as virtually widowed for life as the other Mrs. Arbuthnot who this night was so triumphantly avenged; and Finley Arbuthnot misses many of the luxuries he was wont to enjoy, and, working hard for those he has, frequently sees two women, whose love was once his own, pass him in their carriages as he goes to the publishers who dare to cut him down to lower pay, while they accept, on her own terms, any manuscript signed Marguerite Linn Arbuthnot.

"A Heart History;

OR,

BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MISSING BRIDEGEROON,"

"THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES," "WHO WAS GUILTY?" "ELSIE'S PRISONER,"

"WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?" "THE DIVORCED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH STEPHEN SHOWS HIS HAND.

THE days that followed were very busy and happy ones to Irva, almost too busy for her to have time to think.

Stephen took her to all the sights of the city; to the Park, to Greenwood, to art galleries and various places of amusement. There was never a day that they did not go somewhere, and seldom an evening.

Mrs. Haverstraw generally accompanied them; Irva took care to have it understood that she expected this, and Stephen did not feel so sure of his ground that he did not mind to run counter to her wishes in a point like this.

He was so puzzled and startled at the result as to hardly know what to do or say, a thing very unusual with him.

"This is a very unfortunate mistake, but you must not blame me for it. I supposed there was, but I do not know what to do or say, a thing very unusual with me."

The color came back to Irva's cheeks.

"I don't know why you should suppose anything of the sort, Mr. Sully. What right have you to give, or I to accept them?"

"The best of all rights—that which my love gives—a love that I never before felt for woman!"

cated, and perhaps I am, but I am quick to learn; and I say, and mean it, that our marriage must be now, or never!"

"Then it must be now; for I will not give you up if it separates me from all my kindred. But I am under special obligations to this sister, and would like to give her time to get reconciled to it. I have thought of a plan. Supposing we are married very quietly, taking immediate passage for Europe to live gone six months, or more? By the time we get back everything will have blown over. I can then introduce you to my relatives and friends. You will do the rest; for they have only to know you to fully approve of my choice. How does this strike you?"

Standing in the shadow of the bay-window, Stephen watched anxiously the partly-averted face.

"Very favorably. I think I should like to go abroad. And I don't care how quiet the wed-

ding is."

"Thank you a thousand times, my darling!" was the rapid, joyful response. "Then it is all settled. I'll leave in three days, whose captain is a personal friend of mine. I will en-

gage a passage for us in it to-morrow. You will need only a traveling-suit; anything else you require can be got much more to your liking on the other side."

"And now?"

Irva submitted passively to the embrace that followed these words, shivering a little as his lips touched hers.

Then she disengaged herself, moving a little way from him.

"You must excuse me now. I did not sleep much last night, and am very tired."

With the exultation that filled Stephen's heart at the success that seemed likely to crown his efforts, was mingled a dissatisfaction that amounted to anger when he remembered the language used by Irva in giving her consent. The indifference she manifested was a sore wound to his vanity; and there were times when he hardly knew whether he loved or hated her most. There was a curious mixture of both in his feelings, that augured ill for the unsuspecting girl if she fell into the trap laid for her.

"When I get matters into my own hands," he muttered, as he passed down the steps, "my lady will after a little. Unless I am slightly mistaken, she won't hold her head quite so high."

Mrs. Haverstraw received the intelligence of Irva's decision—to which she had contributed by every argument in her power—with a profusion of congratulations that wearied far more than they pleased the recipient.

"One would almost think it was you that was going to be married!" she said, in an irritated tone that Mrs. Haverstraw had never heard from her before. "I almost wish it was. It seems to be the general opinion that there is nothing else left for me to do; and that is all that I have to say about it."

There were moments of sympathy between Irva and Mrs. Haverstraw, but so sensibly did she feel her complete isolation from all companionship with her own sex, that it was with a feeling of disappointment that she received her refusal to be the companion of her voyage.

"You will have to have a maid, of course," said that lady; "and I know of one that will just suit you."

Irva had her own thoughts as to this; more—she had a perfect horror of going where she would not see a single face of her own sex that she had ever seen before.

There was something in the kind, honest face of Irva that Stephen attributed to her room, and that Mrs. Haverstraw noted Irva. She knew that she did not intend to remain with Mrs. Haverstraw, for she told her so.

"I would much rather have her than a stranger," she thought. "I mean to sound her; and see if she wouldn't like to go with me."

Referring to this when they were by themselves, Irva waited until the girl was tidying her room the following morning.

"Ellen, I believe you to be an honest, trustworthy girl, and I am going to tell you something—something that I don't want you to speak of to any one."

"That I won't, ma'am, that you may be sure of."

"Well, I'm going to be married."

The girl looked startled at this abrupt announcement, rather more so than the occasion required.

"It's to a good man, I hope, miss?"

"Yes; that is, I think so. As soon as we are married, we are going a voyage to Europe; and I don't know of any one that I would like so well to have go with me, as my maid, as you."

These words seemed to have a strange effect upon Ellen.

"Beggin' your pardon for bein' so free, ma'am, but it can't be him you're goin' to marry, the man that come here to see you so often."

"But, Ellen, only you must be!"

Not speak of it outside. Some of Mr. Sully's friends are opposed to it; so he is anxious to keep it quiet for the present."

"But he can't marry ye—the black-hearted vill'in! to be decavin' a young, innocent crayture like ye! Oh! Miss Irva, darlin', don't trust him! An' don't let on that I told ye—leavestays, not till I git out of the house. If it wasn't fur me month's wages, I wouldn't be here now. Bad luck to the day I come into it!"

"What do you mean, Ellen? Can't marry me!—why can't he?"

"Because he's got a wife already, an' 'twould be rank biggery! He ought to be beaten with an ax for all of his life fur thinkin' of it!"

The astonishment in Irva's face gave place to a look of incredulity.

"You must be mistaken, Ellen!—it can't be possible! No man could be so cruel as to wrong and deceive me thus."

"Aht! Miss Irva, dear, it's little ye know of the world, an' the bad men that's in it. Plinty of 'em would think no more of doin' that same than of althin' their supper; the famishin' tiger would show ye more mercy than them! It's not men, but bastes they are!"

"But, Ellen, Mr. Sully is the cousin of Mrs. Sutton, the lady that brought me up. She never said anything about his being married."

"I know, an' I know who come with the poor old blind lady. I know, an' I know talkin' together, an' it's my belate he's not her cousin at all, at all! It's not I that thinks any too well of her nor of the mistress either, with all her smooth ways. Mighty thick, them two wur, as I minded at the time; an' if they didn't batch up the plot atween 'em, they had a hand in it."

"You might be mistaken. Perhaps it's some other man of the same name that is married, and not he?"

"I couldn't be mistaken. His wife lives in a fine, illegant house in New York. My own cousin worked fur her, an' that's how I happened to know. I know of two wicked eyes the first time I opened the door fur him; though he never minded it far from his gentleman-like he don't notice the likes of us. I seen him goin' up the steps many's the time, when I was chaffin' in the aray with Katy."

"Ellen, this is dreadful—it is more dreadful than I can express! I must go; I must not stay here another hour!"

Ellen looked pitifully at the pale, scared face that was turned toward her.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Irva, dear; the Lord sends His angels to protect them that are innocent an' helpless as ye. He don't forget us, even when we forget Him, blisid be His holy name."

This simple faith, so simply expressed, gave another and calmer current to Irva's thoughts; slipping her fingers into that hard, rough hand, she poised her head upon it, while her heart ascended in voiceless prayer.

"But He expects us to do the best we can for ourselves, all the same," continued Ellen. "an' use the sines He's given us. Ye'll need to have all yer wits about ye in d'alin' with the likes of thin."

"Do you really believe Mrs. Haverstraw to be a bad woman, Ellen?"

"She ain't a good woman, by no manner of manes, miss. If she was, she wouldn't be after

deavin' a young innocent girl, that hain't no father or brother to befrind' or purteet her. It's well enough she knows that the vill'in ain't what he's made to be!"

Irva shuddered.

"I never liked her—I tried to, but somehow I couldn't—but I never dreamed of it."

"Take my advice, Miss Irva, dear, an' don't say nothin' to aither of 'em. Don't let 'em have the last suspicion that you've found 'em out. You watch yer chance when they ain't noticein', an' just walk out, an' don't come back ag'in. There ain't any house very night this. It sets a high fence all around it, seen by the moon in your eye, that you'd like to pass the vill'in when he has everythin' his own way. I've seen him look at ye, when he didn't think nobody was mindin' him, an' he won't give ye up 'asy. So mind what I tell ye, Miss Irva, an' just give them the slip."

"There's the cold harridan's fur on the stairs; if she finds me here, she'll suspect somethin'!"

And away darted Ellen; leaving Irva in a state of mind not easily imagined.

She did not have to feign a headache, to excuse her appearance at lunch; when noon came, her temples throbbed almost to bursting.

As she expected, Mrs. Haverstraw came to the door to see how she was; but on Irva's part, she was trying to sleep, she went to smuggle herself in.

"Don't be downhearted, Miss Irva, darlin'!" she whispered. "I hain't forgotton ye. I've got a 'waterproof' with a big hood to it, that'll cover ye completely from head to foot, an' I'll contrive to smuggle it in to ye as soon as it is dark."

As Irva did not come down to dinner, Mrs. Haverstraw insisted on coming in.

She brought a dish of tea.

"It's a good strong cup, my dear," she said, as she set it down; "and I don't know of anything else it's better for the headache, especially for those not used to drinking it."

"How are you? Better, I hope? Stephen will be here this evening, and will be so disappointed in not seeing you."

In spite of all her efforts, Irva shrunk away from the fingers that touched her temples.

"He'll have to be disappointed, then; for I shall not see him to-night."

Mrs. Haverstraw looked at the flushed cheeks and heavy eyes.

"You are looking feverish. I hope you are not going to sick, at this time of all times. I wouldn't have it happen on any account."

There was a genuine expression of alarm in the speaker's face, as she put her finger on the fluttering pulse.

"Will you withdraw her hand? throwing it up over the pillow on which her head lay."

"You seem to take a great deal of interest in me, Mrs. Haverstraw!"

"I do, indeed; almost as much as if you were my own daughter."

"Did you ever have a daughter?"

Mrs. Haverstraw was evidently unprepared for this; there was a sudden change in the voice and face.

"Yes, one; but she died when a baby."

"It would be well for some other daughters if they had died, too!"

A look of sudden gloom settled upon the coarse, haggard features.

"I don't doubt but what it was well for mine. I've often wished I had died when I was a baby."

Here she forced a laugh.

"But this has nothing to do with you, who have such a happy future before you."

As Irva looked into the face of the speaker, the appeal that was quivering upon her lips died there.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing. All I need is sleep; and I wish you would see that I am not disturbed by any outside."

"I will. Lie in the morning as long as you like. You can have breakfast at any hour you want it."

Irva drew a long sigh of relief as the door closed after her; she knew that she would not be intruded upon again.

"You will not find me here in the morning," she thought.

As she lay there, watching the shades of twilight deepen around her, she heard Stephen's ring at the door.

"I wonder if he is going to stay?" was her inward query.

Then, mindful of Ellen's promise, she softly unlatched the door, and waited.

*To be continued—commenced in No. 409.*

## REMORUS.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

To wake in the somber night, thinking,  
To open wide memory's door,  
And find yourself shrinking  
From the Future that lieth before;  
To sigh for oblivion's balm,  
To grasp for the chalice, in vain;  
Then turn to the maddening liquor,  
Which, arrow-like, pierces the brain;

To think of the hopes that have faded,  
To dream of an ill-improved Past;

To by the slime of the serpent at last;

To conjure up scenes that have vanished  
In a halo of Purity's gold;

And find such a specter long banished—  
A hideous shape to behold;

And then to go back to your pillow,

Moistened by tears of regret,

And wish that a Lethan bellow  
Would teach the poor heart to forget!

REMARKS.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"

"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"

"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"

"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ELDER UNMASKS.

ALL the way from the but of old. Cripples to the Mormon ranch down by the Great Salt Lake, the elder beguiled the way with cheerful conversation, chiefly laudatory of the Latter-day Saints and derogatory of the Gentiles.

Polly listened almost in silence, only putting a shrewd question now and then—questions which puzzled the elder to answer.

"But, Ellen, Mr. Sully is the cousin of Mrs. Sutton, the lady that brought me up. She never said anything about his being married."

"I know, an' I know who come with the poor old blind lady. I know, an' I know talkin' together, an' it's my belate he's not her cousin at all, at all! It's not I that thinks any too well of her nor of the mistress either, with all her smooth ways. Mighty thick, them two wur, as I minded at the time; an' if they didn't batch up the plot atween 'em, they had a hand in it."

"You might be mistaken. Perhaps it's some other man of the same name that is married, and not he?"

"I couldn't be mistaken. His wife lives in a fine, illegant house in New York. My own cousin worked fur her, an' that's how I happened to know. I know of two wicked eyes the first time I opened the door fur him; though he never minded it far from his gentlewoman-like he don't notice the likes of us. I seen him goin' up the steps many's the time, when I was chaffin' in the aray with Katy."

"Ellen, this is dreadful—it is more dreadful than I can express! I must go; I must not stay here another hour!"

Ellen looked pitifully at the pale, scared face that was turned toward her.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Irva, dear; the Lord sends His angels to protect them that are innocent an' helpless as ye. He don't forget us, even when we forget Him, blisid be His holy name."

"This simple faith, so simply expressed, gave another and calmer current to Irva's thoughts; slipping her fingers into that hard, rough hand, she poised her head upon it, while her heart ascended in voiceless prayer.

"But He expects us to do the best we can for ourselves, all the same," continued Ellen. "an' use the sines He's given us. Ye'll need to have all yer wits about ye in d'alin' with the likes of thin."

"Do you really believe Mrs. Haverstraw to be a bad woman, Ellen?"

"She ain't a good woman, by no manner of manes, miss. If she was, she wouldn't be after

"Ah, but we never take a second wife unless the first one is perfectly willing; that would be entirely against our principles. Therefore, Polly, if you make up your mind to have me one of these days, you needn't let that trouble you. You will be my first wife, and of course if you should object, I would never take another."

that the girl had gone off with you to attend to your sick housekeeper. I knew at once what you were up to, and I determined to follow you at once, for I have made up my mind that you shan't have the girl!"

Again the Saint grew red with rage, and the hand that gripped the revolver under the table fairly trembled with the excitement of resentment.

"And why shan't I—what have you got to do with it? But I understand your game, too, as you call it; you are after the girl yourself; you want her, and that's the reason you interfere!"

"You're quite right, elder; I want her, and that's the reason I interfere," the Danite replied placidly.

"But do you 'spose I'm going to give her up to you?" Biddeman cried. "Why ain't I got a good right to her as you, hey?"

"Of course you've got just as good a right, provided she gives it to you."

"I don't understand what you mean?"

"Don't you? Well, I want the girl, if she is willing to come with me of her own free will, not like you who have carried her off by a trick. The girl is in the house now, I suppose; bring her down and let her choose between us. If she takes you, I am content, and will depart with peace."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 400.)

### DO NOT FORGET ME!

BY M. L. M.

Do not forget me!  
The hours, full-freighted with a joy too deep  
For words, have flown so swiftly by. Oh, keep  
That joy undimmed.

And though henceforth we two should dwell apart,  
Let no sad memories linger in your heart  
Or cloud your brow with care.

Do not forget me!

Think of the happy days when first we met:  
Their golden radiance is around us yet—  
The afterglow  
Of that blest time, when earth and sea and skies  
Revealed new glories to our wondering eyes,  
Transfigured by love's power.

Do not forget me!

Go where you will, you are not far from me;  
My thoughts will follow you, o'er land and sea,  
Unceasingly.

And in the stillness of some lonely hour  
Your soul and mine, by strange magnetic power,  
Shall hold communion sweet!

Do not forget me!

Think of the love that patient waits for you;  
Think of the heart that ever clings to you,  
All trusting.

Content, if sunshiny falls around your way,  
To brighten every path wherein you stray,  
In loneliness to dwell.

A kind remembrance is not much to ask!  
Surely, it will not be too hard a task

Sometimes to think.

Of one for whom the world can yield no bliss  
So deep, so true, so exquisite as this—  
To love and care for you!

## The Scarlet Captain

OR,  
The Prisoner of the Tower.  
A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION,"  
"THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER  
SAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE.

FOR some ten minutes the flames from the burning hut but a hole in the darkness of the night, and then with a crash the roof tumbled in, the walls collapsed, and all was darkness, the heavy smoke rising from the ruins and overhanging them like a funeral pall.

In the meantime Skipton had resumed his former position, and, with a gloomy face, employed himself in removing the blood-stains from the polished blade of his saber.

"Why did you fire the hut?" Ismail inquired, sternly, the moment Skipton joined the party. The renegade did not like his plans to be tampered with, and he had not intended that the hut should be fired until he had had a chance to gaze upon the features of the man he hated so bitterly rigid in the cold grasp of death.

"Did you not order me to?" Skipton exclaimed, in surprise.

"No; you misunderstood me; but it does not matter, so long as you are sure that your blow was fatal."

"I struck as well as I knew how," the Englishman answered, "and even if some spark of life remained, the man must be more than mortal to resist the effects of the fire. Do you not notice how the flames are flaring now? they have evidently reached the body."

And in truth something that the forked flames delighted to feed up, they were evidently consuming, as Skipton called attention to the devouring blast.

The renegade was satisfied; and when darkness came again and settled upon the scene, with a look of satisfaction upon his stern features he turned away.

At last his vengeance was complete.

"You are three thousand gold pieces the richer, Skipton, and in time to come I shall not forget the service."

"I shall trust to your excellency's memory," the Bashi Bazouk replied.

It was but a commonplace remark—a natural one, too, under the circumstances, and yet there was something in it that grated harshly upon the ears of Ismail, but what it was he could not tell. He looked searching for a moment into the face of the officer, but Skipton was busy wiping off a spot of blood which had besmeared the handle of his weapon, and which had previously escaped his notice, so he was unaware of the scrutiny to which he was subjected.

Ismail dismissed his suspicion as a whim, unworthy of notice, and summoning his men proceeded straight to the castle.

The inmates, whose attention had been attracted by the flames rising from the burning hut, were on the alert, and at first were disposed to offer resistance to the entrance of the Turks, but a few well-aimed shots speedily put to flight all martial thoughts, and tremblingly the gates were opened.

Once again the dark-browed ruffian held Catherine, of Scutari, a prisoner in his hands.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes had been occupied in forcing an entrance, so the countess had ample time to prepare to receive the evil genius who was making himself the bane of her young existence.

In the great hall of the castle, where in the olden time the armed retainers had been used to assemble to receive the commands of their chief, the officer and his followers found the two ladies.

Skipton Pasha had been left in charge of the gate and horses with his four men, but the rest of the force had followed Ismail.

Catherine had vainly attempted to urge the servants to resist the entrance of the Turks; but the men, frightened at the stories they had heard of the bloody vengeance always taken by the Moslems when their demands were resisted, were far too timid to follow the bold counsel of the countess, and while she, in the great hall, was attempting to inspire these chicken-hearted cravens with some of the courage springing within her own dauntless breast, the men below opened the gate and admitted the Turks.

Plainly to the ears of the two ladies came the sound of the tramping feet and the rattle of the weapons, clanking loudly, as the Turkish soldiers rushed up the stairs.

Within the garments of both of the ladies were kept-edged daggers secreted. They were prepared for the worst; better death by their own hands than to live the helpless victims of barbarous outrages.

The dark eyes of Ismail gleamed as he gazed once again upon the woman whom he had marked out for his prey. Catherine faced him boldly; there was no drop of craven blood within her veins; all the courage of the stout old race from which she sprung was within her woman's breast.

"Fortune favors me, you see!" the renegade exclaimed. "Again we are face to face—again I step forward as the ruler of your fate."

"Will your persecution never cease?" demanded Catherine, undaunted.

"Never until you are mine!" the Turkish general replied.

"Distant will be that day."

"No; quite near at hand. This night I have widowed you, but to-morrow I will make amends by wedding you myself."

"And has the Scarlet Captain died again?" Catherine asked, scornfully. "The last time but one when we met in the old tower you swore that he was dead, and yet he was not."

"A mistake then—a false report, but no doubt in regard to the matter this time."

In Catherine's face appeared decided uneasiness.

"But come, we are wasting time!" Ismail exclaimed, abruptly. "Are you prepared for a journey?"

"Whither?"

"To some safe retreat within the Turkish lines," he replied. "The heiress of Scutari is far too valuable to be permitted to dwell where she may be assailed at any moment by a roving band of plunderers."

"If there are worse men in the world than you and your followers, Heaven save me from them!" the countess cried, her anger flaming suddenly out when she reflected how utterly helpless she was in the power of this bold, bad man.

"Catherine, why waste time in useless recriminations. You are mine past all redemption. The only man to whom you could look for any hope of rescue has been sent by my will on his dark journey to the other world. By wedding this adventurer you thought to defeat my plans; for a time you succeeded, but in the end I have triumphed; you have lost the point you attempted to gain and this unknown soldier bartered away his life for the meager and unsubstantial pleasure of bearing the name of husband to you for a few short hours. Come! give up all hope of resistance; I defied either man or devil to tear you from me now!"

Hardly had this boasting speech escaped his lips, and he had advanced to the side of the helpless girl, when there was a sudden commotion in the hallway below; the sounds of a brief struggle was followed by the rush of many feet up the broad stairs.

Alarmed, the Turks gathered together, drew their weapons, and prepared for a conflict.

It did not seem possible, and yet they feared that they were surprised; although how carefully cautious Skipton Pasha, on guard below, could have allowed an enemy to steal upon him unawares was a mystery.

Not long was the suspense; through the open doors came a host of Montenegrin soldiers, led by Landerdale, the young prince and the Scarlet Captain.

The Turks could hardly believe their eyes. Here in full health was the man whom they had fully believed to have perished in the ruins of the old hut.

This gave Skipton a clew which he pondered over, but kept the matter to himself.

And then, when the renegade urged him so eagerly to undertake the task of slaying the prisoner, he consented, so that he might aid the prince to escape. To slay the head of the royal house of Montenegro was something too much for the Englishman.

And on entering the old hut he unbound the captive and told him plumply who he supposed him to be.

The prince did not deny his identity.

"To murder a prince is a cut above you," the blunt Englishman said; "but if I let you escape, why, it will cost me my commission in the Turkish service, and my head, too, if I am not careful to get out of the way."

"Save Prince Nicholas! His horse is down!"

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"Let me go free, and name your price!" the prince had replied.

"No; I won't bargain with a man for his life; but as soon as I can I will get inside the Montenegrin lines, and you can do the best you can for me."

Gladly the captive acceded.

Through the open window in the rear the Montenegrin fled. Skipton set the house on fire to cover the escape, and cutting a gash in his leg daubed his saber with the blood, and the groans of pain which had reached the ears of the Turks had come from his own lips. The rest the reader knows.

Landerdale, bringing up the Montenegrin troops in hot haste, encountered the fleeing prince and had hurried on to the castle, arriving just in the nick of time.

Skipton had posted no guard, expecting to be surprised, and so an easy entrance was obtained.

Five thousand English pounds the late Bashi officer received from the grateful prince, and then he hurried home to his native land in hot haste to enjoy his fortune.

Following her friend's example, Alexandra soon blessed the American with her hand.

Our story now is ended.

We have related a romantic episode connected with the life of the Prince of Montenegro not generally known to the world, and if any of our readers take an interest in the fortunes of one of the bravest and best princes in Europe, let them scan the war news from the Old World, now daily given in our journals.

"It was his life or mine!" Skipton exclaimed, sullying, as if in excuse for the act, "and life is as sweet to me as to any man!"

"Throw down your arms! You are outnumbered ten to one!" the Scarlet Captain cried.

The Turks, dismayed and cowed by the sudden death of their leader, did not attempt to resist. And while the Montenegrins were busy receiving their arms the two ladies greeted their rescuers.

A little apart from the rest stood Catherine and the Montenegrin leader.

"Again you have saved me!" she murmured, with beaming eyes.

"A lucky chance; Heaven seems to favor me," he replied.

"It is fate," and as the countess spoke there was a look in her dark eyes—a peculiar, joyous light which he had never seen there before.

"And now, lady, that you are again free to go where you list, had you not better seek shelter in some fortified town, where you will be safe from all such attack as this one to-night? The heiress of Scutari is a tempting prize and there's many an adventurer who might attempt to carry out the plan which cost this renegade his life."

"And where go you?" Catherine asked, with evident timidity.

"Back to our fortified camp near Dulcigno, where Montenegro in the future will keep an army of observation to watch the Turks. We are not yet at the end of this struggle, for if I read the signs aright, Europe is on the eve of a general war. Turkey cannot yield and in time Russia must advance. War must soon come between the two and probably other powers may be drawn in."

"And can I not go there, too?" the countess asked, appealingly.

"Why not seek the comforts some large city affords?" the soldier asked, in astonishment.

"It is not a wife's duty to follow her husband?" and as she spoke, in her soft, expressive eyes the Scarlet Captain read a world of meaning.

"True; I am your husband, but you forget the conditions you imposed."

"Yes, I do forget them, and do you forget your own?"

"But you are a rich heiress, the Countess of Scutari, and an humble soldier like myself—"

Skipton interrupted him.

"You told me that you would be loved for yourself alone. Be satisfied then; the once proud countess has changed into the loving wife. I will cast aside my rank if it offend you and be content to be the humble wife of the simple soldier, whose name even I do not know."

"And has the Scarlet Captain died again?" Catherine asked, scornfully.

"Never until you are mine!" the Turkish general replied.

"Distant will be that day."

"No; quite near at hand. This night I have widowed you, but to-morrow I will make amends by wedding you myself."

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"And has the Scarlet Captain died again?" Catherine asked, scornfully.

## KISS AND MAKE UP.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It is easy to get along with me; my wife and I we always agree. Upon the prominent occasions; she lists them, and I have to say—What I say it in a quiet way. And I hearken to her suggestions. But after a little quarrel or so, we always kiss and make up, you know. I think I'm an humble sort of a man, and I try to do the best I can. To keep the household in order. But the best of us sometimes go wrong, and when they do, her voice is so strong. You could hear it over the border, and you'd think that ours is a noisy row: but we always kiss and make up, you know.

I have made it a rule to never complain, but the rule is often put to a strain. By one little thing, I have to say. In a very humble sort of a way. About the general bother, and get a blow on my nose or so, but we always kiss and make up, you know. If the tea should prove to be over cold, and I warm up, and begin to cold. I get a dozen or so cards, you see. Every time hotter than the tea. Poured out in tremendous fashion; and maybe the table will over go. But we always kiss and make up, you know.

She is possessed of a summer of aunts, for whom her heart respectfully pants. And for whom my table is groaning; and the table is groaning, too. There's an extra dish of a family stew.

That is almost past atoning; and glances and skillets she will throw; but we always kiss and make up, you know.

I married three sisters, her ma and her pa, in a regular way, according to law. But one of my sisters she wed but me, and on the account of this, you may see, that perhaps some fault I am finding, and a fresh family jar is opened so.

But we always kiss and make up, you know.

I'm a lover of right, and I hate the wrong, and I'll always battle against it strong, whenever I have to view it.

And my wife to her own woman as I, if she says she'll let no fault pass by.

Depend upon it, she'll do it;

And when she shows haste, then I go slow, but we always kiss and make up, you know.

And very often the question will strike,

Are not the folks very much alike?

Well, the very same, I suppose?

I alights to marry the couple by name,

And I conclude they are much the same.

When there is a question between them;

And I think the world to ruit would go

If they didn't kiss and make up, you know.

Woods and Waters;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

VI.

GLASS-BALL SHOOTING.

LONG COVENTRY was the vainest youth of our club. He was vain of his height, vain of his nose, vain of his mustache because it had started early, and more vain of his shooting than anything else.

And yet Long Coventry was the butt of the club in a quiet way. No one laughed at him openly to his face except old Mart, who used to call him a "duffer" and "greeny" whenever Coventry began to boast of his exploits, as he frequently did.

"There ain't no harm in Long," he would say. "He's a nice young fellow enough for gals to fool round, but he can't shoot worth a cent, and he won't farm, 'cause he thinks he knows alread."

But no one could make Coventry believe this. If he missed—and he often did—he always had an excuse; and if he hit a bird he used to brag as loud as if he had knocked down a score.

Now when Bruce prepared the trap with another glass ball, Coventry loaded his gun—a more elaborate breech-loader of the latest pattern—and observed:

"I don't pretend to know much about this glass-ball shooting, Bruce. I can knock over a plover or a snipe every time, but these things I don't believe in. You see the hall dies only sideways, and I like a bird that flies straight away."

Bruce smiled, and quietly turned the trap round so that the ball would fly toward the barn.

"There's your straight-away bird, Long," he said. "You can have him any way you like. Send him over your head if you wish it. Are you ready?"

Long could hardly hesitate now, with the eyes of the club on him, so he cocked his gun and nodded.

"Now, Sol Hawkins, you watch the ball against the barn, and see how high it rises," said Bruce. "Afterward we'll mark the shot and find out why Coventry misses."

"Wait till he does miss," said Coventry, angrily.

"Ready! Go!" said Bruce, without noticing his tone.

The trap sprung, and the dark-green ball flew through the air, striking the side of the barn with a thump about twenty feet from the ground, then falling down.

"Bang went Coventry's gun, and the shot rattled like a small bell, but no sound of breaking glass rewarded the marksmen."

"I told you I should miss," he said, petulantly. "These glass balls are humbugs. They don't fly like a bird at all."

"Will you pull for me till I show you?" asked Bruce, quietly. "You missed that ball because you shot too high. You can see the dent of the ball in the whitewash, and there is your charge at least seven feet above it, just under the eaves."

"Give me another shot," said Coventry, eagerly. "I wasn't taking pain then."

"All right, old fellow. How will you have him? A low bird, a towering bird, a cross-flier, or how?"

"The same as before," said Coventry, and he cocked his gun with renewed determination.

Again the ball flew, and again Coventry missed. The second ball lay by the first uninjured, but we could see the black spots of the shot just over the dent of the ball in the wall. The rest of us were disposed to laugh, but Bruce checked us.

"I think you struck the ball that time, Long," he said; "but only with a few pellets. You practice awhile at the trap and you'll soon get so you can hit. Now trap for me, any way you like. Which do you think most difficult, Greeny?"

"Oh, a cross-bird, of course," said Charley, eagerly. "I don't see how any one can hit them."

"Set the trap then," said Bruce. "Remember, the lower the notch hooked into, the stronger and swifter the ball flies."

Long Coventry bent down the spring of the trap to the lowest notch with a malicious smile, placed the ball, and then came running back, jerking the string as he came without any warning. He had set the trap so that the ball would come quartering across the line of Bruce's fire from front to rear, falling behind him. But the ball never completed its course. We saw that unerring gun go up to Bruce's shoulder and follow the path of a steady, rapid motion.

"Bang" went the piece, and the clash of broken glass in the air announced that the ball was blown to fragments, which fell in a shower down in the meadow.

Charley Green jumped for joy.

"Hurrah for old Bruce!" he cried. "Now do give me a try, please."

"Certainly," said Bruce. "It's not so diffi-

cult as it looks. You try a go-away bird first, like Long here. Remember that you must sight the ball, if you expect to hit it. That's all. Now—ready?"

Charley nodded and stood with his gun at his shoulder, eagerly watching the trap.

"Two shots!" he said. "Ready! Go!"

And the ball, bang went Charley's gun.

There was no crash of glass, but the shot rattled into the barn just below the dent of the ball. Charley looked rueful.

"Never mind, young 'un," said Bruce, good-naturedly; "you sighted all right, but you pulled too soon. You can try another shot. Don't pull till you first cover. Now once more. Ready! Go!"

Away went the ball, bang! went the gun, and crash went the glass.

Charley jumped up and down, full of excitement.

"Hurrah! I can shoot flying," he cried. "Oh, do give me another shot, from here."

"Not till the ball is served," replied Bruce.

"Your turn next, Tom Deacon. Now I want you to remember this. I'm going to give every man two shots at this straight-away ball, putting the spring in the top notch, so as to make the flight easy. Any man that can't hit it must go back to the target. If you all hit, I'll follow with a cross-ball, flying slowly to right or left from top notch, and so on, varying the flights to represent all the different ways a man may come on a bird or have to shoot one; and when you can hit all his slow-flying birds, we'll go from notch to notch till we get to the bottom one, which gives a close imitation of what pigeon-shots call a 'rockerter.' Now, Deacon, he waited longer than Charley, and fired just as the ball struck the barn.

As he entered, Annie Morgan was seated beside a low cradle from which she had just lifted a crawling chubby baby.

"Sit down," she said, motioning toward a chair.

"I can tell you all now. I could not trust myself out there, alone."

"There is no need," he said, slowly. "You are married. That is his child—his and yours. The past is dead. I will go away."

"Not until you have heard me. You shall not go away believing worse than the truth."

"I will listen, since you wish; but words cannot change what I have seen."

"They can clear up the dark past and help to explain why we meet thus—God help us both!"

There was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Morgan resumed:

"They say and night have I dreamed of day—why you told me that you loved me, and asked me to be your wife."

"And I remember your reply," said Isaac Forman, in a low, bitter tone. "You swore that you loved me—and me alone!"

"And before Heaven I speak the truth! Never until then had I loved a man dearer than my own father. My whole soul was yours. I loved you, I loved you now. I have never loved another."

"Tell you are married!"

"Yes, and to a man who deserves far more than I can ever give him. I honor, respect, but I never loved him. I never had the heart to tell him the truth. He idolizes me. It would be a sin if I knew that, at times, I shrink from his endearments with positive loathing. I felt like a guilty wretch, even when I believed my heart was buried with you in your grave; it will be worse now!"

"Tell me why you did not wait—"

"Because the report came that you were dead.

We saw the full particulars in a San Francisco paper. For long, weary months I had not heard from you. No more letters came. The account was so circumstantial. How could we doubt its truth?"

"I have written every month since I was able to leave the hospital. I believed you were waiting for me. I missed your letters, but I was roving about almost constantly, and thought that you were dead."

"Then father lost his little all, by the failure of the ball would fall at the foot of the barn, and our party moved back an equal distance. Once more the ball flew and Tom fired. He missed.

"Now, Ryder, your turn," said the captain.

Oscar Ryder was a son of a rich flour merchant, and sported a gun of the same expensive pattern that Long Coventry used. He was a short, stout young fellow, nearly as concealed in his way as Coventry, and like him began to make excuses ahead of failure, which he evidently anticipated.

He missed both shots, and Bruce remarked, quietly:

"You know the conditions, Ock. You and Long must practice a while at the target till you learn a quick cover. Now, Fish, your turn."

Zeke Fish had a single-barrel gun of cheap make; but we all knew he was a good shot.

"Give me a rockerter, Cap," he said. "I don't know if I hit him, but it's good practice."

He missed his first shot at the flying ball, which went with tremendous force, striking the barn door double times, and the first trap, which hit him, but he had never hit up his head again. I worked for him, night and day, but times were so hard, and I was not strong. I could not pay the rent. The landlord threatened to turn us out into the streets. Then he came to our rescue, though I did not know it until long after—not until father was buried, and we were married. Every debt was paid, we had all we could wish; and nobody would tell us whose was the generous hand. Only for him I would have starved, that bitter winter. We became acquainted, but even then I did not suspect the truth. I knew that he was good and kind-hearted. I believed he was on the way up. He asked me to marry him. I was all alone in the world. What could I do?"

"You are not to blame," he said, gloomily. "It was fate. It would have been better, perhaps, had we never met again. As it is—good-bye!"

"You can say that—so coldly!"

"Would it mend matters for me to make a fool of myself? You know my heart, and I know yours. You love me, and Heaven above knows that I have never loved any woman but you. That is why I said I must go. You are his wife; that is his child. There is danger in our meeting."

"Then father lost his little all, by the failure of the ball, the shock was too much. He took to his bed and never held up his head again. I worked for him, night and day, but times were so hard, and I was not strong. I could not pay the rent. The landlord threatened to turn us out into the streets. Then he came to our rescue, though I did not know it until long after—not until father was buried, and we were married. Every debt was paid, we had all we could wish; and nobody would tell us whose was the generous hand. Only for him I would have starved, that bitter winter. We became acquainted, but even then I did not suspect the truth. I knew that he was good and kind-hearted. I believed he was on the way up. He asked me to marry him. I was all alone in the world. What could I do?"

"You are right, Isaac," and Annie arose.

"Go, but remember that, though I am another man's wife and the mother of his child, I ever have and ever will be faithful to your love."

One kiss, then they parted.

The shades of night were falling when John Morgan came back to his cabin. He was graver than usual when he kissed his wife and baby. He was not feeling well, he said, and Annie dared say no more. Her own secret was pressing too heavily upon her heart.

It was late that night before John Morgan left the rude table at which he had been writing, but he arose from bed at the first glimpse of dawn. He went down to the mining camp and sought out Isaac Forman. His voice was very quiet as he spoke.

"I won't send you back to the targets, boys," he said. "You cover all right, but that is not enough for success—cross-shots. I'll show you how to do it. Zeke, you trap for me."

We all watched the captain with close attention as he loaded his gun.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 401.)

## John Morgan's Legacy.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

A LITTLE log-cabin nestling at the foot of a mighty redwood. Far above towered the grim heights of a snow-capped mountain. A wide valley lay scattered the rude shanties and dingy tents of miners.

Close behind the cabin a man is kneeling. His head is bare, his eyes are widely distended and filled with horror. His dry lips open and close, but no sound issues from them. His hands are clenched until the red blood oozes from his finger-nails.

Slowly his head droops upon his broad breast.

He drags himself erect by the aid of the rough-barked logs, and slowly moves away. His feet strike against the roots and projecting points of rock. He sways from side to side as though intoxicated. He climbs wearily up the steep mountain-side. He passes behind a clump of bushes. He falls upon his face and grovels in the dirt.

"When you read this I shall be dead. I heard all that passed between you and Annie, to-day. She is an angel. She loves you. As you deal with her, so may God deal with you!"

There was more, but this is enough.

If pure, holy and devoted love can save a soul, then that of poor John Morgan is in heaven.

MRS. FREMONT says that when she went to San Francisco, in '49, visits in the daytime were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth \$50 a minute," and that she must hold a great compliment the brief visits made.

He is an extract from a letter written to her lover by a Montgomery (Ala.) girl: "For your sake, darling, I have quit using chewing-gum; would you have quit gum for me? I would not have quit gum for any other person in the whole world!"

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He